

STORIES OF WOMAN'S LOVE AND AMBITION IN NEWS OF TO-DAY.

MAN WITH DEAD GIRL
HAD BOOK ON POISONS.

Police Think Margaret Travis Was Killed Like Jennie Bosschier—Her Companion, Under Arrest.

Clarence Davis Said He Was Coming to New York to Settle "Trouble with a Woman."

The police now believe that Margaret Travis, the young girl who was found dead in "Travis's" hotel, at One Hundred and Twenty-second street and Amsterdam avenue, was murdered.

Her death was caused by chloral poisoning, Clarence Davis, a young iron-master, of Troy, who shared the room with her, was found raving at her bedside. He was taken to the J. Hood Wright Hospital under arrest. He has been unable to make a connected statement, and mutters incoherently when questioned. The police strongly suspect that he is shamming.

Had Book on Poisons.

In his pocket was found a booklet containing a list of poisons, with their effects and antidotes. This paper was much thumbed, as though its possessor had studied it over constantly.

Detectives are at Davis's bedside in the hospital, and one of them told the Evening World reporter this afternoon that the Travis girl was killed in the same manner as Jennie Bosschier.

Late this afternoon Davis opened his eyes and told the detectives he would answer their questions. They asked him to give an account of his movements Saturday night.

"I came down from Troy Saturday night to see Maggie. She had written me a letter asking me to come."

"I went to the hotel with her and took one drink. After that I remember nothing."

"Didn't you notice that the girl was sick?" asked one of the detectives.

"No, Maggie left me. That was another woman you found in the room."

Then Davis turned to the wall and raved in melodramatic fashion of his love for "Maggie."

Dead Girl's Love Letters.

With the poison book were three love letters addressed to Davis, and written by the dead girl. One was as follows:

"My dear Clarence, I have been thinking of you. When I walk by those places which we used to go, the remembrance of you is so strong that I can hardly keep my eyes from watering."

"I was to come down Saturday and I will get Saturday afternoon off and will be with you."

Davis left Troy Saturday, telling a friend he might be back Monday, and might never return.

He said he was in serious trouble with a woman in New York, and that he was going to that city to "have it out" with her.

The pair registered at Travis's Hotel, One Hundred and Twenty-second street and Amsterdam avenue, as Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Smith, of Troy, N. Y.

At 9 o'clock Saturday evening the young man and woman went to the hotel. They ordered two glasses of cherry, which she drank, but went at once to their room, leaving word to be called at 5 o'clock Sunday morning.

They were called and made answer, but did not appear. The man's friend called at 5 o'clock Sunday morning, and found the door locked.

The young woman, who was about twenty years old, with dark hair and eyes, lay half-dressed on the bed. She was dead and rigor mortis had partly set in.

Insane at Bedside.

The man, fully dressed, stood muttering insanely in the middle of the floor. He had his companion's bonnet in his hands and repeated every effort made to take it away from him.

When an ambulance arrived from the J. Hood Wright Memorial Hospital the surgeon said that the woman had been dead about five hours, probably through poisoning. There were no signs of a struggle in the room, and no marks of violence on the body.

The man was hurried to the hospital and found to be suffering from some narcotic poison. After the stomach pump had been used he revived sufficiently to say that he was a master-workman and twenty-five years old. He then began to rave again, and finally lapsed into insensibility.

A card of St. Luke's Home was found in the girl's pocketbook, and Miss Derby, the Superintendent, told the police that the description of the dead woman showed her to be Miss Travis. She said that the young woman had been employed at the home for three years, and bore an excellent character. She said that Davis had called for her because about 8 o'clock Saturday evening and that she had permitted their going out together because she understood that they were engaged.

Killed by Chloral.

Dr. Adams, the house physician, said that the symptoms were of chloral poisoning and that Davis would probably die.

The dead girl's older sister, Annie, also employed at the home, is positively that Margaret was never out of late and was dependent on her. She has been out of work a great deal of late and has been very anxious to get her money. She is confident that Davis would not give himself a dose also, as he had been much favored by the girl since they were children in Ireland. The girl was here about three years ago, and Davis followed her six months ago.

The police have a half-pint flask, found in the room, which probably contained whiskey. They are trying to ascertain if there was chloral in it. The yellow case, upon which the girl's head had rested and upon which a large blue stain was found, was also taken.



MISS MARGARET TRAVIS.
Woman found in hotel dead.

NOISE OF FIRE
KILLED A GIRL.

Miss Hoffman's Heart Affected by Excitement of Blaze.

Miss Helen Hoffman, eighteen years old, of 89 McAdoo avenue, Jersey City, died today from fright occasioned by a fire.

The fire partially destroyed the frame house at 72 McAdoo avenue, a few doors from her home, occupied by Fred Klotz.

The noise of the engines and the excitement brought on heart disease, and within an hour Miss Hoffman was dead. She had been in poor health for several weeks.

She belonged to Zion Evangelist Church choir.

STEAMER STRIKES WRECK.

Talisman, a Norwegian Vessel, Sinks at the Entrance of Newtown Creek.

The Norwegian steamer Talisman, Captain Berg, laden with sugar from Demerara, while proceeding from her anchorage off Liberty Island at 6 o'clock this morning to Newtown Creek to discharge, struck what is supposed to be a sunken wreck at the entrance of Newtown Creek, opposite Blackwell's Island, and knocked a big hole in her bottom forward, through which she quickly filled and sank, with eighteen feet of water in her forward hold.

Her agents, L. W. & P. Armstrong, are arranging with wreckers to try and raise the sunken steamer today.

Mr. Chambers Gets a Year.

(Special to The Evening World.) ATLANTIC CITY, N. J., Jan. 21.—Mrs. Millie Chambers, of Philadelphia, who obtained from Mrs. Schewelsfort nearly \$100,000 in diamonds, was sentenced at May's Landing at noon today to one year in State prison.

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Got Ahead of Grady.

ALBANY, Jan. 21.—Relative to the statement by Senator Grady that he might introduce a bill to remove Superintendent of Elections McCullagh, it is pointed out that the two Republican bills now in remove him and provide for a commission.

Ex-Congressman Cowles Dead.

CLYDE, N. Y., Jan. 21.—George W. Cowles, ex-County Judge and ex-Congressman, one of the best known jurists in Western New York, is dead at his home here of heart trouble. He was born in December, 1824.

BOTTLE OF WINE,
THEN A KISS.

Champagne Settled the Quarrels of the Ivisons.

Miss Iverson M. Ross, a pretty newspaper woman, was a witness today in the contest of the will of William Iverson, now on trial before Justice O'Gorman in Supreme Court.

She was a niece of the publisher who left \$100,000 to his favorite nephew, David B. Iverson.

"Long ago," said Miss Ross, "the Iversons lived in my mother's house, then at 208 Fifth avenue. Mrs. Iverson used to be very jealous of Mr. Iverson, and I have seen her strike him."

"Then my mother would send a bottle of champagne in and they would kiss and make friends."

She knew Mary Sheridan.

Miss Ross said she knew Mary Ann Sheridan, who acted as secretary to Mr. Iverson in his last days, and to whom he left \$100,000. She once saw Miss Sheridan in Mr. Iverson's office. Miss Sheridan was dressed in a loose wrapper.

"I told Mr. Iverson such conduct would cause talk," said Miss Ross. "He said he didn't care; 'Molly' was there to stay."

Miss Ross said the Iversons used to quarrel over Miss Sheridan.

"Mr. Iverson told his wife he was very proud of 'Mary Ann' (meaning Miss Sheridan), and she could go away if she didn't like it."

"I often saw Miss Sheridan at Mr. Iverson's knee in his office. I told him I didn't think it was a very nice way to act."

"Once I went with him to a safe-deposit vault," said Miss Ross. "He took out two packages of bonds. One contained \$50,000. He raised it to his lips and kissed it."

"He never owned real estate long. He said he didn't want any real estate, so his wife couldn't get it. Mrs. Iverson used to dress very shabbily, but had lots of diamonds."

"Several times I heard Mr. Iverson say he would like to take his money with him when he died."

Sister Leonica has earned the resentment of her Catholic admirers, as they say she could have renounced her vows and left the order if she wished to marry. Her elopement was darkly planned. It was the fruit of an unusual romance. The nun came from Shamokin several years ago. Even in her cloister garb her wonderful beauty attracted attention. She nursed in the ward given over to those suffering from mental and nervous troubles. A patient there two years ago was Roland G. Moore, son of the late Dr. Gaynor Moore and grandson of the once famous Dr. G. G. Moore, "the Blind Physician of Lancaster."

The young man had inherited a fortune. Four years ago he ran for Mayor on the Democratic ticket, and the strain of the canvass brought on a serious illness. When he recovered he was a nervous wreck and thus he came to enter the Franciscan Hospital and become one of the "Beautiful Nuns" patients.

When he came out he surprised his friends of the Elks Lodge by his raptures over the beautiful religious. He suffered relapses of his nervous affection frequently that his friends understood that his ailment was more than physical.

When Moore left the hospital for the last time a week ago he was in unusually good spirits and his nervous affection had left him completely.

On Saturday night he drove in a closed carriage to the hospital grounds, where the nun, who had dropped twelve feet from a window, joined him. She was driven to the house of a friend, where a tall, slender suit of black cloth, a golf cap and a dark hat were provided for her. They then boarded a 220 A. M. train for Philadelphia, and arriving there, went to the home of a friend, where an obliging justice married them. The marriage certificate was made out to Roland G. Moore and Ellen Dugan.

The bride is twenty-nine years old, and has the black hair and blue eyes of a typical Irish beauty.

Mr. Moore's mother approves of his marriage to the nun, though she is a member of the Dutch Reformed Church.

ly, and with no show of bravado, "that you have threatened to 'do me up.' Now, I want you and all other crooks who come to Brooklyn to pursue your criminal course to know that I am waiting for any and all of you who think you can do me up. You are not the first man who has threatened me. I want you to know now that I walk every day from my house at Lafayette avenue and Oxford street to the Court House and back again at night. If any of you crooks want to 'make good' here is your chance."

His Reply to a Burglar Who Threatened Personal Violence.

Judge Aspinall, now sitting in the County Court, in Brooklyn, had occasion to say a few words to one John Keenan, a burglar, when the latter was brought up for sentence this morning.

Judge Aspinall earned the title of "Fighting Joe" when he was in the Legislature, and people who know him say that the word fear forms no part of his vocabulary.

"I understand, Keenan," said the Judge most impressively, "and very out-

SECRETLY DIVORCED,
DEATH PARTED THEM.

Widow Discovers That for Twenty-four Years She Was Not a Wife.

No stronger argument in favor of the pending law before the Legislature, abolishing the present system of secret divorce proceedings, could be found than the remarkable story which came out in the Supreme Bench of Brooklyn today.

Instead of being the wealthy widow she imagined herself, Mrs. Augusta M. Barton, of Brooklyn, has discovered that she is neither the widow of William A. Barton nor entitled to dower rights in his large estate.

Though she lived with him as his wife for nearly half a century, she discovered, following his death during the holidays, that he had divorced her twenty-four years ago.

This surprising knowledge came to her when the dead man's will was opened. It contained the explicit statement that he had no wife. For a moment Mrs. Barton doubted the sanity of her husband. The will was that of a clear-headed business man, explicit in every direction for the distribution of his estate.

The solution of the mystery came when in searching through her husband's papers Mrs. Barton discovered a decree of divorce granted him against her by default in Queens County, in 1876.

Her wife's honor and the big fortune of which she found herself unjustly deprived made her bend every effort to clear the mystery of the secret divorce. Her investigation developed that the fraudulent practices so lately exposed by the Supreme Bench of Brooklyn thrived a quarter of a century ago under the secret divorce statute.

A companying the papers which her lawyer submitted in making his motion before Justice Dickey for a reopening of the default was an affidavit from the process-server of the Queens County Court whose name was attached to the default papers. He swore that he had never served notice of the suit on Mrs. Barton and that his signature on the return was a paltry forgery.

An effort was made by Lawyer Wolf to prevent his motion attracting public attention, and after the papers were passed up they were sequestered. Justice Dickey said that on Monday next he would hear the application to have the default reopened. If Mrs. Barton can establish that the default was secured through fraud, the divorce decree will be set aside and her right to dower in her husband's estate established.

Mr. Barton's will was not filed for probate in the Surrogate's office of Kings County. He is said to have been a wealthy resident of Suffolk County.

"BEAUTIFUL NUN" IN
HOSPITAL ROMANCE.

Man for Whom She Broke Her Vows Was Her Patient.



ELLEN DUGAN.
The "Beautiful Nun."

(Special to The Evening World.) LANCASTER, Pa., Jan. 21.—Roland D. Moore and his bride, who was Sister Mary Leonica, the "Beautiful Nun" of the Franciscan Hospital here, will return to this city according to telegrams received today by friends, when they have concluded a Southern honeymoon trip.

Sister Leonica has earned the resentment of her Catholic admirers, as they say she could have renounced her vows and left the order if she wished to marry. Her elopement was darkly planned. It was the fruit of an unusual romance. The nun came from Shamokin several years ago. Even in her cloister garb her wonderful beauty attracted attention. She nursed in the ward given over to those suffering from mental and nervous troubles. A patient there two years ago was Roland G. Moore, son of the late Dr. Gaynor Moore and grandson of the once famous Dr. G. G. Moore, "the Blind Physician of Lancaster."

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White William Fabrin, twenty-eight years old, of 125 East Eighty-ninth street, was working in a store at 41 Cliff street today, powder exploded and he was severely burned about the face. He was taken to the Hudson Street Hos-

SOCIETY MAN IS
PRISONER IN JAIL.

George Stuart Smith Sued for \$100,000 for Alienating Mrs. Sibley's Affections.



MRS. RICHARD C. SIBLEY.

George Stuart Smith, society man, insurance broker, stutterm and club man, is locked up in the Ludlow Street Jail pending his furnishing bail for \$30,000 as ordered by Judge Pitner in a suit for \$100,000 damages brought by Richard Clay Sibley. Mr. Sibley alleges that the man with the impediment in his speech, who is further handicapped by the fact that he walks with a limp, has won the affections of the beautiful Mrs. Sibley.

Mrs. Sibley is living with her two children, pretty girls of twelve and thirteen, at 25 West Eighty-first street. She sued her husband last June for separation, alleging cruelty and inhuman treatment, and secured an order requiring him to pay \$10 a month alimony. He has not paid it and has been compelled to stay out of New York to avoid going to jail for contempt of court.

Mrs. Sibley says that her husband's suit for damages against Mr. Smith and the action for absolute divorce which he says he will bring are absurd, and that her suit for separation, now before the Court of Appeals, will soon be decided in her favor. She adds that her stepfather, Thomas G. Field, and Charles Buchanan will furnish bail for Mr. Smith and secure his release from Ludlow Street Jail soon.

Mr. Sibley is fifty-six years old and his wife is only thirty-one. They were married in 1886, and, according to the papers filed in the suit for damages against Mr. Smith, lived happily until 1897, when Mr. Sibley claims to have noticed that his wife was growing cold toward him. In December, 1898, he affirms, she left him and they have not lived together since.

Mr. Sibley says that Smith won his wife's affections in 1897, and that he has been too attentive to her ever since. He presents affidavits from several former servants who claim to have seen suspicious conduct on the part of Mrs. Sibley and her stutterm admirer, Richard Heath, who formerly worked for the Sibleys at Lakewood, says that after Mr. Smith came to New York on business Mr. Smith would reach Lakewood and stay all day. Mrs. Sibley would go to the train with him and would greet him good-by, and then wait to greet her husband on his return from New York.

Mr. Sibley was formerly a broker at 120 Broadway, and has been a member of the New York Yacht Club, the Lawyers' and Racquet and Tennis clubs. He and his wife spent their summers either at Saratoga, Narragansett Pier or at Tuxedo. During the Winter they lived together at the Savoy or the Waldorf-Astoria.

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